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THIRD AND MISSION STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO, SHOWING FLAMES DESTROYING GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Gettysburg Forty-three Years After

By J. A. EDGERTON

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FORTY-THREE years are not long in the life of a nation, yet they are long enough to change the face of the world. Gettysburg, outside the few living participants, seems to us like a far-off dream, one of those heroic events in the remote past. The younger generation can scarcely realize that its battle was fought comparatively in our own time, that our fathers or grandfathers read of it in the morning paper and that the white headed Grand Army man over the way heard the thunder of its cannon and surged forward in its charges. The republic has lived much since that day. These two score years have been packed with events, discoveries, transitions. The semblance of things has been so changed and our commercial era is so remote from war that already the civil conflict seems to have belonged to an elder world. Though it thrills us still we weep over it and grow proud by turns, yet it is unreal, a sort of phantom play of giants in an age far removed.

When the grizzled veteran with the empty sleeve tells us he fought there we look at him with a certain half-comprehending wonder, as though he were an old Greek or Roman transplanted to the twentieth century. We live fast in these days, with our intellects submerged in the present and our imaginations enraptured of the future. The past with us is only the past, whether it be that of last century or a thousand years ago.

Swept out of range by the remarkable whirl of our life, Lincoln seems to us as one of the heroes of Plutarch or one of the prophets of Israel—great and towering, but already with the mists of time gathering over his face.

Gettysburg the light lies clear and definite in the sunlight, but Gettysburg the battle is in the mists also. We see the charges yet, with lines melting away under the bellowing cannon fire, but they are phantom charges, ghosts in gray and blue, grappling on the hillsides. The place is haunted not alone by the shades of the men who fell here, but also by the wraith of the Confederacy that on this spot received her mortal wound. A great gray ghost hovers over the battlefield, chained to the spot by mournful memories, grieving over the graves of her soldiers and the death of her hope. Not for her is the new south facing the morning that she could not know. She sees only the nation that might have been and is not. She sorrows over all the old marches with Lee; she views the surging lines of Pickett, breaking against the living blue wall, breaking and falling back. She hears the battle cry of the south, sounding here its shrillest, most triumphant note, then fading away into the

silence forever. She witnesses once more "the high tide of the Confederacy," reaching here its farthest north, then ebbing backward to disappear at Appomattox.

The world may go rushing on to

heights of progress and prosperity undreamed of in her day, but she hears not the music of its builders, neither does she witness its glory. Her soul is in "the lost cause." She belongs to the old-time old south, with its dream of dominion. She saw the bloody red dawn of her day, but it was a false dawn that lapsed back into night before the sunrise. The body of her hope is dead; but she, its spirit, yet lingers near its grave at Gettysburg.

Truly the place is haunted. Another spirit is here, erect, confident, a very daughter of the morning. Not sorrowful she, though saddened by the sacrifice she beheld on this field. Tenderly she looks on the graves of her soldiers, but smiles through her tears, remembering that their death was not in vain. There is promise in her face, hope infinite, dreams of the future. She beholds the new land, north and



DEVIL'S DEN, REAR VIEW.

south; sees her great son, the nation, growing to be the leader of the world. She listens to the music of industry rising from thronging city and fruitful farm.

She beholds laden trains winding over mountain and prairie, great ships bringing treasures and peoples to her shores, mines in the mountains pouring yellow wealth into her mints. She gazes on her erstwhile deserts transformed by the magic touch of labor. She hears the plaudits of the nations as her message of peace and freedom is borne throughout the earth. She dwells on the past, except as it holds the promise of that which is to be.

Her eyes pierce the veil of the future and behold a vision of greatness and glory. Her face grows radiant with the light of her hope, whose dawns even now fall upon her. She is the spirit of the Union, reverential of the past, but more reverential of the infinite good that shapes for her a destiny prouder than that of Rome and more beautiful than that of Greece. She is compassionate of the gray and mourning shade at her side, but whispers a hope of a later and greater southland already springing into being. And out of her goes a thought of mighty love that binds together the two sections with a bond that will never be broken.

Aye, truly the place is haunted. Here yet is another spirit, with a star in her forehead and a light in her hand. She looks not only to this land, which is her especial care, but to all nations and all peoples. Now her eye falls upon Russia, over which rises the lurid morning of a belated freedom. She frames a thought of equality, and the workers of the world arise to claim their own. She fashions a concept of brotherhood, and men begin talking of a federation of the nations. She meditates on the inward nobility of man, and souls are stirred with nameless aspirations and with a divinity they cannot express. She turns her eyes to her chosen people, and America is thrilled with the dream of a purer democracy than earth has yet known. She looks on Gettysburg and says: "Here will I build me another shrine like those at Thermopylae, at Zama, at Tours, at Naseby and at Yorktown. For I am the Spirit of Liberty, and here will men come to renew their love of me and to consecrate themselves to my

service until all the lands are as free as the air of their own mountains."

Yet other shades are here, hosts of the departed who fought and fell upon this immortal field. They were different uniforms and served opposing causes. In life they were enemies; in death, friends. In the spirit is unity; in the grave is peace. They struggle no more, but fraternize now, as indeed do their comrades who yet remain in the sphere we call the living. In the battle's red tide they were officers and

privates, but Death, the great leveler, has made them equals. Gone are the animosities, the antagonisms of section, the distinctions of rank. Only brotherhood remains; only the binding tie of love. May it not be that they bled together at this spot where they won glory and peace both for themselves and their land? May it not be that they gather here to live over again those three momentous July days when they helped to decide the fate of a continent and hewed out through the red soil of human flesh a path that is to be followed by all mankind?

Then, too, may it not be that the great white coat of Lincoln comes

here sometimes to view the scene where was played the culminating act of that drama in which he took such a momentous part? May it not be that he pauses at the spot where was delivered his greatest though shortest oration, now and forever an inseparable part of the memories of this field? May it not be that the spirit of Robert E. Lee broods here sometimes over the mistake—or was it the fate—which led to the defeat alike of his army and his cause? May it not be that Reynolds and the other leaders who died on these heights and in these valleys return to grand reunions on this field that is the focal point of the thoughts of a nation? Memorable scenes! Haunted by the souls of the departed, hallowed by the memories of the living, made sacred as the spot whereon was written one more chapter in the gospel of freedom! Men may be forgotten, nations may come and go, cities may arise and crumble, civilizations may blossom and perish, but while history remains thus shall never be blotted from memory, O Gettysburg!

Emerging from the shadows, the sun shines clear on the woods and hills of the old battlefield. It is a scene of

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

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4:40 p. m. week days, Byrd St. Through.

5:50 p. m. daily, Main St. Through.

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11:30 a. m. week days, Byrd St. Through.

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For Petersburg 9:00 A. M., 12:10, 3:00, 5:45, 9:25 and 11:30 P. M.

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